December 31, 2019

Season 3

[This episode starts at a hot chocolate shop, in a similar vein to a real world coffee shop. The bell to the door rings, and Sally enters, looking nervous. She's wearing her new mayoral season 3 outfit. She looks around the shop, giving a rotation shop. It goes back to Sally's nervous smile. She ends up waiting in line, almost dumbfounded that this is reality. She's snapped back to reality by a boy ahead of her, Liam, in line getting into an argument with the girl cashier, Charlotte]

Charlotte: I'm not taking your muddy money.

Liam: My Ginomo cards aren't muddy.

Charlotte: Yeah, like I'd believe that.

Liam: Look, I just want my hot chocolate.

Charlotte: Why, so you could pour it down my dress?

Liam: Let's just say I have the temptation. I don't need this, I'm going to a different hot chocolate shop.

[Liam walks out of the shop, and as she does so he nearly shoves a little girl out of the way as she was entering.]

Sally: What was that about?

[Charlotte immediately recognizes the voice, and looks excited.]

Charlotte: Is that who I think it is? Ms. Sally?

[Sally awkwardly gives a wave and a smile]

Charlotte: What are you of all kids doing waiting in line. Come on up, come on up!

[Sally looks at the few boys in front of her.]

Sally: No… I'm perfectly okay with waiting.

Charlotte: I insist, it'll be on the house. You've got more important things to do.

[There's an awkward silence. Sally decides to break it, by walking to the front of the line. As she does, she passes by a couple of boys giving her the stink eye.]

Boy #1: See, I told you.

Boy #2: Well, I didn't vote for her.

Charlotte: So, what can I get you?

Sally: Uh… a hot chocolate.

[Charlotte blinks. Then she bursts out laughing.]

Charlotte: You’re a riot, don’t you know. What kind of hot chocolate?

Sally: Uh… chocolate… hot chocolate?

Charlotte: Why don’t you take a moment to look at our menu and see our selection. We’re not some common establishment. We’ve got all kinds of crazy flavors.

Boy #2: Of course, she cuts in line and then she stops to read the menu. I’m going somewhere else.

Charlotte: Good, we don’t need kids like you here.

[Sally is taken aback, and then two boys leave angrily.]

Sally: I think… I’m missing something here.

Charlotte: Huh? Oh, those kids are just upset that you’re going to make things great for us girls in Summerway.

Sally: I… want to make things good for everyone in Summerway.

Charlotte: (Giggle) Oh, don’t I know it. You were elected for a reason, weren’tchat? Well, here’s your hot chocolate, the chocolatey-ist flavor we’ve got.

[Charlotte passes a hot chocolate towards Sally. She is so dumbfounded that it falls onto the floor with a clank.]

[The new season 3 theme should play here.]

[When its over, we cut to Sally at Gimmies, trying to get a hot chocolate.]

Sally: And you don’t care who I am, or that my money smells pretty or something stupid like that?

Gimmie: Money is money to Gimmie. All tastes the same anyway. As long as you’re willing to give Gimmie money, Gimmie will get.

Sally: Thank you!

[Sally exits the store, when she runs into a couple of boys - Ben and Jerry - there, waiting. They look incredibly annoyed.]

Ben: Oh look, it’s our new mayor.

Jerry: You mean the girls’ mayor. They’re the one who put her in office.

Sally: For your information plenty of boys voted for me, and plenty of girls didn’t.

Ben: Yeah, I’m sure. Probably boys like that guy in the dress who came down here awhile back.

Jerry: And of course not all the girls voted for you. Some of ‘em don’t want to go back to before the civil war.

Sally: Woah, I don’t know where you’ve gotten these ideas. You remember what I did on Girls & Boys Day.

Ben: Yeah, and it’s clear to us that Talula was right about you.

[Sally is almost laughing in anger.]

Sally: Even when I beat Talula, she manages to cause me problems.

[Sally looks to both of them and tries to stay calm.]

Sally: I promise, I’m going to try and be the best mayor for boys AND girls.

Jerry: Oh yeah, prove it.

Sally: I’m going to town hall to prove it right now.

Jerry: Nah, you gotta prove it right here and right now.

Sally: And how would you expect I do that?

[Jerry takes out a pair of scissors.]

Jerry: Hey, remember how Venus did it?

[Jump cut to Sally, winded as she enters the town hall. She quickly barricades the door behind her. She takes a few breaths as she turns around and she walks into Melissa. The hot chocolate that Melissa was carrying falls to the floor.]

Sally: Melissa! Oh, I spilled your hot chocolate! I’m sorry!

Melissa: No, it’s okay. It was uh…

[Melissa eyes Sally’s hot chocolate]

Melissa: Not important.

Sally: Oh, you can have mine. I’m not too much in the mood for hot chocolate.

[Sally passes it over to Melissa.]

Melissa: No, I don’t need it. I’m allergic to chocolate.

Sally: Then why? Oh, you didn’t have to get me any.

Melissa: It’s my job, Ms. Sally.

Sally: I thought you just did paperwork or something.

[Sally notices the papers scattered around on the floor, and tries to pick them up. Melissa takes them from her.]

Melissa: My job is to make your job as pleasurable as possible, and I think I do my job quite well. I even wore your favorite color today.

[Melissa gives a twirl, showing that she is wearing all green.]

Sally: This was a mistake.

Melissa: Oh… I had heard it was your favorite, but I can return the whole wardrobe and get something new for tomorrow. Or even later this afternoon if you'd prefer!

[Sally starts walking down the hallway.]

Sally: No, no. Not you. Talula was right. Well, she was wrong. But she was right.

Melissa: Excuse me?

Sally: Talula was right that I'd be a terrible mayor.

Melissa: But Ms. Sally, you haven't done anything yet.

[Sally stops, and looks angrily.]

Sally: Yeah, and if you haven't noticed, the town is kinda on fire right now. And that's before I've done anything. This has gotta be some kind of record.

Melissa: Uh… should we have a party for your accomplishment?

[Sally looks dumbfounded.]

Melissa: I'm sorry. A joke often took Talula out of her spirals.

Sally: Spiral?

Melissa: Where she worried about one thing and then that led her to worrying about another thing and so on. You gotta stay calm, you're driving this ship, remember.

Sally: But I'm a terrible driver!

[Sally marches off. We cut to a door opening up out of their line of sight. Someone inside is watching on. Cut to Sally and Melissa walking down the upper halls.]

Melissa: Well… tell me what's wrong and we'll think about this, piece by piece.

[Sally stops, and starts ranting.]

Sally: Well, because of what Talula said on Girls and Boys Day, most of the boys think that I'm going to take Summerway back before the civil war. And if that's not bad enough, some of the girls seem to WANT me to. Was that why I was voted in?

Melissa: I see… this is a sticky situation. Have you tried to talk to any of the boys.

Sally: Yeah, and they said to cut my hair like Princess Venus did.

Melissa: If it helps… I could cut my hair instead.

[Sally enters her office and walks over to her chair, where Charmichael was sitting. She hugs it as she tries to think.]

Sally: What would Talula do?

Melissa: I could go and ask her—

Sally: No, she can’t get involved. Why did I make that her punishment?

[There’s a knock at the mayor’s door. It’s quite soft. But then it gets louder as its ignored.]

Sally: Come in.

[A small kid with Darla Dimple-style hair enters the room, and a heart-shaped ribbon on his collar. He’s carrying a box. This is Valentine.]

Valentine: I was just here to tell you that I finished cleaning out my desk.

Sally: Lemme guess, you voted for Talula?

Valentine: I didn’t vote for anyone. It seemed like things were gonna be bad for boys, no matter who won, to be honest.

Sally: And that bothers you?

Valentine: Well, yes. I am a boy after all.

Sally: You are?

[Melissa has an expression like she’s waiting for an explosion. Valentine seems to swallow a tantrum.]

Valentine: Why yes, Ms. Sally, I am. Very much so.

Sally: Sorry. Then again, why am I apologizing? I was apparently voted in to make every single boy in town miserable.

Valentine: Wait, so you're not firing me?

Sally: No, why would I fire you? I don't even know you.

[Valentine has a small laugh of relief.]

Valentine: Oh… I am quite relieved. My name is Valentine. Mr. Valentine, if you would please. I had thought for sure—

Sally: That I wouldn't want any boys in my town hall?

Valentine: Well… it would be rude for me to say so, Ms. Sally. I saw what happened during the last Girls & Boys day. I would have heard about it, regardless, as the town's holiday planner.

Sally: So you heard that I gave up all of my points and let the boys win?

Valentine: That's just it, Sally. You "let" the boys win. It can feel very much like table scraps, when the only victory that you have is because of someone else's charity.

Sally: You've got a lot of words for someone so small.

Valentine: A boy needs to have a good intellect in this girl-focused world, Ms. Sally.

Sally: We've come a long way since the civil war, Valentine. I mean, Mr. Valentine.

Valentine: Have we? Pardon me for eavesdropping, but I heard that some ruffians wanted to have your hair cut.

Sally: Well… yeah.

Valentine: I for one, abhor such brutish tactics. It makes all of us boys look like the monsters we can be portrayed as. There are ways to fight a touch more fair.

Melissa: Ms. Sally, I don't know about listening to Mr. Valentine. He's great creatively, but his suggestions are… a bit not good.

Valentine: Well, if you won't hear me out, I know I'll understand. And I know how many others will understand as well. No offense to Ms. Melissa, but if you want to appease the boys, you may need advice from a boy.

Sally: I think you're right. So, what do you have for me?

[Cut to Valentine standing in front of a presentation with his plan entitled "No Boy Left Behind" with a bunch of artistically sketched pictures. Sally and Melissa are sitting on chairs across the room.]

Valentine: May I present the "No Boy Left Behind" movement, abbreviated to NBLB.

Sally: And you were able to bring all of this to my office in five minutes.

Valentine: I've been tinkering with these ideas for quite some time.

Melissa: You know NBLB spells “Nibble-Bee.” Which sounds like a fairly bad idea, thinking about it.

Valentine: Ms. Melissa, I know that you of all people are wise enough to look beyond names. It’s simple, really. We just give boys a leg up in Summerway.

Sally: What do you mean?

Valentine: Well, just on the way to work I’ve noticed many boys who had been kicked out of their own jobs. Well, by the mayors’ word alone, we could encourage every business in town to hire boys.

Melissa: By encourage, you mean force, don’t you?

Valentine: For someone who has worked with politicians all her life, I would assume that you would be more accepting of their language.

Sally: She does have a point. I don’t think this is something that can be fixed by force.

Valentine: Well, what other way would you suggest, Ms. Sally. More diplomatic options have already been exhausted. And if this kind of turmoil could explode during Girls & Boys Day, our most sacred declaration of equality, who knows what could happen in a months’ time.

Sally: I still don’t know.

Valentine: I’d be very much hard to describe you as the “girls’ mayor” if your first order of business was getting a bunch of boys into jobs and gave them extra job protection, so they couldn’t be fired at some cruel girls’ whim. And then when those girls figured out what you were doing, those garden smellers, would have the wind knocked right out of their sails.

[Sally thinks about this as she walks over to her desk. Valentine places a scroll with the law down on the table. And he offers her the mayor’s pen.]

Valentine: All you need to do is sign it, and that kind of attitude will be relegated to the dustbin of history. The place we both agree it belongs.

[Sally looks over to Melissa, who just shrugs. Then Sally signs it into law.]

[Cut to another day, back at the hot chocolate shop. Charlotte is serving customers as usual, looking disgruntled. Then it’s revealed Liam is next in the line. He walks up with a smile.]

Charlotte: What’s a smelly boy like you doing here?

Liam: Looking for a job.

Charlotte: Well, you’re not gonna find one here.

[Another girl, Lindsay, looks up from her book and rushes over.]

Lindsay: Uh, what Charlotte meant to say is that we’d love to have some extra help.

Charlotte: Lindsay, what are you—

[Lindsay pushes Charlotte into the back room.]

Lindsay: Charlotte, you can’t just treat boys like that.

Charlotte: You seemed okay with it just a few days okay. In fact, you went on talking about how much you wanted Sally to—

Lindsay: Yeah, well, Sally seemed to go in a bit of a direction than I thought she would.

Charlotte: What do you mean?

Lindsay: You didn’t hear about the new laws she passed? We could get in BIG trouble with town hall if we don’t have boys working here.

Charlotte: T-that’s ridiculous! I don’t want them touching the food, or anything like that.

Lindsay: I don’t either, but we should feel lucky that any boy would want to join our team, with how you’ve been treating them.

Charlotte: Hey, don’t single me out here.

Lindsay: Whatever. Just… get that boy a job doing anything. I don’t care. And whatever you do… make him feel welcome.

[Lindsay pushes Charlotte out into the main area.]

Liam: Well, do I have a job, or do I need to lodge a complaint with town hall?

[Charlotte speaks through gritted teeth.]

Charlotte: Of course you have a job. Coocoo Cocoa is always on the lookout for new members.

Liam: And you’re sure that this place is open to boys?

Charlotte: Of course. Apparently we’re especially open to boys.

Liam: Excellent, when can I start?

[Charlotte grits her teeth. Cut to sometime later. We have another shot on the door. This time Sally enters with April and Molly.]

Sally: I don’t know why I’m going here again.

Molly: I thought their cocoa was good. I didn’t know that they were coocoo.

April: Molly, dear, it’s the name of the establishment.

Molly: Ha ha ha. Anyway, why are we here anyway, if they are coocoo?

Sally: Well, I passed a law. I wanted to see if things have changed.

[The three of them find a seat. The place is relatively calm.]

April: Well… there doesn’t seem to be much of a problem at the moment.

Sally: I hope so. Anything is better than the other day. Those boys wanted to cut my hair off.

[Molly looks towards Sally, very unimpressed. Her hair is still very short.]

Molly: Really now? What a tragedy.

Sally: S-sorry. Hey wait, you chose to cut your hair.

Molly: Yeah, but—

Liam: May I take your order?

[They turn to Liam, and see that he’s wearing a very frilly, pink uniform reminiscent of a maid cafe.]

April: It’s at times like this, I’m glad I left the fashion world.

Molly: Interesting… outfit choice, there.

Liam: Yeah, if only. It’s the uniform I have to wear to work here.

Sally: This place didn’t have any uniforms last time I was here.

Liam: Let’s just say that it’s… a new addition.

[Cut to sometime later at the same establishment. Sally is there with both Melissa, and Valentine, and both Charlotte and Linsday seem to be in trouble. There are also a couple of scouts there.]

Sally: So… tell me again.

Lindsay: It’s my business, I can make my employees wear whatever I want to. Is there anything wrong with that?

Sally: You made your employee wear a dress, and you wouldn’t let him near the kitchen. You don’t find that wrong?

Lindsay: Ms. Sally, this has all been a mistake. I know that you want to quell the boys, but letting them in around the food. Don’t you think that that’s just a little bit much?

Sally: Yeah, let’s say that I find that more than a little bit much. This is a clear violation of the law, and common decency.

Lindsay: You don’t know what you’re doing. Is this how you treat your voters?

Sally: I treat everyone in Summerway equally, whether they’re a boy or a girl. Whether they voted for me or not.

Charlotte: For your information, it was entirely legal, Ms. Sally. We let Liam work here, as the law’s request.

[Sally looks to Melissa.]

Sally: They’re right, aren’t they?

[Melissa nods. Valentine looks to them and then looks to the girls.]

Valentine: Well, perhaps now, but I can assure you that Ms. Sally will have the law updated before long.

Sally: I will?

Valentine: Why wouldn’t you, Ms. Sally? Don’t you agree that this was a rather disgusting display? It really is simple, we just have to make sure that cretins such as these two can’t use the softer side of discrimination.

Sally: Uh… Melissa, do you want to translate form?

Melissa: He wants to make sure that businesses have to accomodate boys. No more dress uniforms, for instance.

Valentine: Unless they so choose.

Lindsay: You’ve got to be joking.

[Sally thinks for a moment.]

Sally: No, I’m not joking. It’s a great idea. Common sense, just about.

Lindsay: Come on, we’re all girls here. You know how boys can be.

Sally: Yes, I do. Next time I come here, Liam had better be allowed in the kitchen, or maybe I'll say that he has a manager position.

[Sally and Melissa start walking off, but Lindsay looks on intimidatingly.]

Lindsay: Don't look so smug, Sally. You're only safe for a month. Then, anyone can run against you, and if you keep this stuff up, I can guarantee that there will be some very unhappy girls in town, just dying to sit in your chair.

[Sally looks a little frightened as she leaves the store. This leaves Valentine alone. He looks to a cup of hot chocolate by his side.]

Valentine: If I may…

[Valentine picks up the hot chocolate and tosses it at Lindsay's dress.]

Lindsay: What was that for?

Valentine: Sorry. It was in my boyish nature.

[Valentine leaves the store, leaving Lindsay and Charlotte dumfounded.]

[Cut to Sally, April, and Molly walking down the street.]

Molly: A trip to Mermaid Makeovers ought to do us good. I just hope they can do something with my mess here...

April: There’s a lot of ways short hair can be pulled off nowadays.

Molly: I doubt it with my mangled bangs.

Sally: I just hope I don’t have to get involved in another business’s… business. It seems like I can’t go two feet without some girl trying to get past the law.

Molly: Well, the girls at Mermaid Makeovers are nice.

Sally: Yeah, to you.

Molly: And if you haven’t noticed, I kinda been lookin’ like a boy for the past week. I’ve even been goin’ by Thomas sometimes so I don’t get called a garden smeller when I shop for groceries.

Sally: It sounds like I’ve got a long way to go.

April: Progress is slow, Sally. Salvage the small steps.

[The three of them enter Mermaid Makeovers. They are greeted by Lulu. She seems perky as usual.]

Lulu: Hello there. Oh, Ms. Sally, I didn’t see you there.

Sally: You’re not gonna kick me out for the law I made, right?

Lulu: What? No, of course not. We haven’t had this kind of life in the salon for quite some time. Seems like some boys were just too nervous to try and style hair before.

[They look over to see Ben and Jerry, who awkwardly look back towards them.]

Lulu: Although unfortunately many girls have been kind of nervous to get their hair cut by boys. You two wouldn’t mind getting your hair cut by them, would you?

Molly: Uh, as much as I wouldn’t mind, I kinda need Comet herself. It’s a big job.

Lulu: Oh, unfortunately Comet is busy with another new hire.

[Jump cut to Comet in her own special back room, with Gimmie. Comet seems very uncomfortable.]

Gimmie: Pretty Comet girl’s hair smells pretty.

Comet: How about we stay focused on the customer.

Gimmie: But customer not as pretty as Comet.

Customer: Hey! That’s not nice.

Comet: Oh yes, you walked into a salon because you looked so beautiful you wanted to show it off. Now shut up and—

[Gimmie sniffs Comet’s hair.]

Comet: This is gonna be a long day.

[Cut to Sally sitting down in the chair. Lulu is tending to Molly, while Jerry is tending to Sally herself. Jerry raises up the scissors, making Sally look very uncomfortable.]

Jerry: Hey, looks like I get to cut your hair after all.

Sally: Yeah… uh… great.

Jerry: You ain’t scared of having a boy do your hair, are you?

Sally: No. Why would I be scared?

[We have a close up of Sally’s face, not seeing her hair being cut. If we go to long shots, Sally is obscured.]

Jerry: I wanted to apologize, Ms. Sally.

Sally: Apologize?

Jerry: For what Ben and I did the other day. We wasn’t really gonna do it, just so you know. We just wanted to give you a little scare.

Sally: Well, you definitely gave me one.

Jerry: We was wrong about you. You’re really lookin’ out for us boys too, huh?

Sally: Of course.

Jerry: I didn’t vote for you, but I’m willing to give you a chance. You got a good head on yer shoulders. How’s it look?

[Sally is revealed to have a very nice haircut.]

Sally: It looks great!

Jerry: Yeah, course it does. I gotta work twice as hard as Lulu, or… let’s just say the results ain’t gonna be pretty.

Sally: Because of Comet?

Jerry: Nah, she’s cool. The customers. I guess no matter how far we go, we’re not there yet.

[Cut to Sally back at her office, thinking about what was just told to her.]

Melissa: Ms. Sally, I get it just as much as you do, but rushing this kind of stuff… tends to not work out very well.

Valentine: Then perhaps we should wait for the businesses that are hiring boys to fail because people are too nervous to visit them.

Melissa: Well, no. That’s not what I meant at all. You’re twisting my words, Valentine.

Valentine: I’m doing no such thing. I’m just thinking ahead. Perhaps you should try it once in awhile.

[Melissa is very angry.]

Sally: Hey, don’t insult Melissa like that.

Valentine: I’d apologize, but the situation doesn’t call for pleasantries. If girls are too nervous to go to establishments that are hiring boys… and those go out of business because they’ve been hiring boys.

Sally: Then…

Valentine: Everything backfires.

Sally: We can’t let that happen.

Valentine: I agree.

Melissa: So, what are you suggesting then? That we just force girls to get their hair done by boys? Because I don’t see that happening.

Valentine: Melissa, you must learn to play the game that you’re a part of. It’s just as it was before. Those hot chocolate peddlers, they had to hire that boy and they couldn’t fire him. So what did they do?

Sally: They made it as unpleasant for him as possible.

Valentine: Exactly. Let me get the paperwork together. I do believe that we’re onto something.

Melissa: Just what are you suggesting, Valentine?

Sally: Yeah, I'd like to know what I'm signing.

Valentine: But of course. It's simple really. I'm sure that girls would flock to getting their hair done by boys, if it came with a cheaper price tag. If girls, or boys choose to do business with boys over girls, then they'll get the better deal.

Melissa: Valentine, are you crazy?

Valentine: Melissa, I seem to have more of an attachment to reality than you do at the moment.

Sally: No, Valentine. Melissa has a point. That seems to be a step too far.

Valentine: A step too far, Ms. Sally? May I remind you what we're trying to fix?

Melissa: Yeah, wasn't that some girls taking a step too far?

[Valentine doesn't seem pleased with Melissa.]

Valentine: Which is exactly why we must do this. If something has been pushed out of place, is it not the simplest solution to push it back in the other direction? Fight fire with fire, and all of that music.

Sally: But you can't just make boys take a smaller paycheck. That doesn't make any sense at all.

Valentine: That was never the intention. But, if it does become a logistical problem,

simply have girl servers cost more instead of having boys cost less. Businesses won’t have to pay anything extra, people are more willing to be served—

Melissa: Yeah, and girls are gonna be more likely to be hired.

Valentine: Not if the business don’t get to keep the money. I propose that we make it a tax.

Melissa: So, you are completely insane. I always had my suspicions, but thank you for confirming them.

Valentine: Melissa, you do know what things were like before Princess Venus’ rule, do you not?

Melissa: Of course I do. I’ve heard the story before.

Valentine: Perhaps you should hear it again. How much work did boys do before, that they were never compensated for? I think that it’s only fair to even up the odds.

Melissa: Yes, by punishing people who had NOTHING TO DO WITH IT.

Valentine: It’s not a “punishment”, Ms. Melissa. When society has issues, whether it be a candy shortage, or growing tensions, we must all put aside our selfish desires for the greater good.

Sally: I… don’t know. This sounds way too much.

[Valentine thinks for a moment.]

Valentine: Ms. Sally, if you would hear me out, I can clearly see that you have bigger plans than just dealing with this boy-girl conflict for your entire tenure.

Sally: Uh…

Melissa: He says that you have better things to do.

Sally: I… there are things that I want to do. But if I have to deal with this problem first, then that’s what I’ve got to do. Loud Creek didn’t elect me, Summerway did.

Valentine: I admire your heart. I really wish some girls had one like yours. You care for many people, like your brother.

Sally: What about my brother?

Valentine: Wretched news I heard about him.

Sally: Yeah, well, he cheated. That was his decision.

Valentine: Was it now?

Sally: What are you getting at now?

Valentine: From what I heard, he was already on his way out of business, from the girl-owned Lemonade Castle. You say it was his decision, but from where I stand, he didn’t have much of a choice at all. And where did that story end? The business only coming back to life when a girl took it over.

Sally: I uh… didn’t think about it like that.

Valentine: The problem goes deeper than you see. Deeper than you CAN see. Ms. Sally, we can stop that story from repeating.

[Melissa shakes her head, as Sally thinks.]

Sally: I suppose it’s worth a try.

Valentine: History is going to look back very fondly upon this day, Ms. Sally, I can guarantee it.

[Sally signs the paper that Valentine puts in front of her. We’re left on this lingering note.]

[Cut to Harper on the news, the next day. And for once, in front of the camera is Stuart. Stuart looks incredibly uncomfortable to be here.]

Harper: Good morning, Summerway. This is Harper Clementine reporting.

[There’s a long beat. Then Harper turns towards Stuart, as if expecting him to say something. But Stuart is just completely locked up.]

Harper: And… you are?

Stuart: Oh. I’m uh… Stuart. Stuart Matters, the n-new co-anchor.

[Harper turns to the camera and gives a bright awkward smile.]

Harper: As you can see, here at the Summerway News Station, we've done our best to go into the modern day, and promoted our camerakid.

Stuart: Uh… yeah.

Harper: Our mayor, Ms. Sally Dunn has made some great strides to make boys more equal here in Summerway, although not everyone is too happy with her No Boy Left Behind laws.

[Cut to Sally sitting on the couch in her house, watching the television.]

Sally: All I can see is how uncomfortable Stuart looks.

[Max enters the room, all ready for work.]

Sally: Max, I thought you had today off.

Max: I did, but Anna needs all the help that she can get. Ever since a little law was passed, let's just say that Steve has been… hard to work with, but harder to not work with.

Sally: He couldn't be that bad.

Max: He fell asleep in the front door. Like… in the front door.

[Jump cut to Steve trying to sleep in between automatic doors that keep opening.]

Max: And there’s nothing Anna can really do about.

Sally: But both you and Niall also work there. If Steve is being too much of a problem.

Max: Well, Anna doesn’t want to take that risk, and I don’t blame her. In all ironies, that’s how Lemonade Castle went out of business. Fired some boy, and he went straight up to the top.

Sally: If Anna’s got a good enough reason to get rid of Steve, or any boy, she should be able to fire him.

Max: Yeah, she should.

[Max leaves the building, leaving Sally to sit there, thinking. She looks over to Gumdrops.]

Sally: I suppose I should get to work myself.

[Cut to Sally standing outside her house, ready to go to work. She looks to see Max drive off. Sally walks down to the curb, where she seems to have gotten a bit of an angry crowd of girls.]

Sally: Uh… can I help you?

Girl #1: I dunno, but I don’t think so. All I think you can do is “help” the boys. That’s all you’ve been doing.

Sally: Well, yeah, they needed the help.

[We see that one of the passerbys is Jules, who stopped to take notice.]

Girl #2: Well, cuz of your “help”, now places don’t wanna hire us. Do you know how many girls are out of a job now?

Sally: I’m sure that—

Girl #2: You try and get a bunch of boys to work at the dolly shop. Oh wait, you can’t. So my boss had to fire me to make things “fair”.

Sally: I don’t think you really understand.

Girl #3: I think I understand enough. You don’t care about girls at all.

Sally: No, I just told you, boys needed more help than girls, because…

[Sally stops speaking as she realizes what she’s saying.]

Sally: I gotta go.

Girl #1: You ain’t just gonna leave us like that. You like boys so much, maybe we should cut your hair to look like one.

Sally: Oh, not this again.

[Cut to Sally running from an angry mob of girls.]

Sally: The good news is… I’m gonna get plenty of exercise as mayor… until whoever runs against me shoots me out of a cannon.

[Sally takes a turn into a building, Mermaid Makeovers. She quickly hides behind something, as the other kids run on by.]

Lulu: {Voice over} Ms. Sally, is that you?

[Sally turns around.]

Sally: Lulu? Yeah. I was just uh…

[Sally looks around the corner to see her gaze catch some girls.]

Sally: I really need a haircut. Preferably in one of the back rooms.

Lulu: I’d be happy to give you one. It’s going to cost you 15 cards.

[Sally reaches into her purse, and brings out 10 cards.]

Sally: I’ve only got 10.

Lulu: Ah, well, I’m sure the boys will give you a lovely haircut.

Sally: Great, where’s Jerry?

Lulu: Oh, he’s currently occupied. Most of the boys are these days. But we do have one available.

Sally: Who?

[Cut to Sally in Comet’s office, with Gimmie holding scissors.]

Gimmie: So, when does I put in the gum?

Comet: For the last time, Gimmie, you don’t put the gum in their hair.

Sally: I think… I’ve made a mistake.

[Comet gives a bit of a laugh.]

Comet: Oh yeah, those shoes definitely ain’t your color, darling.

Gimmie: So, how many mohawks do you want?

Sally: Uh… zero.

Gimmie: Okay, Gimmie shaves them alls off.

Sally: Hey, what’s that over there?

[Sally points. Gimmie looks, and we focus on Comet’s smiling face as Sally darts out of the room.]

Gimmie: Where pony girl go?

Comet: I think she has more important things than getting a haircut. And… sorry, Gimmie, but I don’t think you’re gonna be here much longer.

Gimmie: But Comet girl so pretty.

Comet: And don’t you forget it, but you’re gonna need to give up the coat before I’m willing to try anything.

[Gimmie thinks for a moment, and then he leaves the room.]

GImmie: Gimmie must think on this.

[Cut to Sally at April’s manor. April is baking cookies at the moment, while Sally is incredibly stressed.]

April: Shouldn’t you be at town hall right now?

Sally: So I can do what? Make things even worse?

April: I suppose you’re right. From what I understand, Valentine has been running the show.

Sally: He… we were just trying to make things fair.

April: Ah, yes, fair.

[April pulls the cookies out of the oven and puts them down on the table. Almost on cue, Diana, Aurora, and Dylan come in.]

Aurora/Dylan/Diana: Cookies!

April: Yes indeed. Let’s make sure that this is fair, first.

[April cuts the pile of cookies in half. She pushes one half to the girls, and one half to Dylan.]

Aurora: Hey, that’s no fair!

April: It’s plenty fair. The boys and the girls have an equal amount of cookies.

Diana: Yeah, but there’s only one boy here.

Dylan: I’m not complaining.

Sally: You’re trying to tell me something, aren’t you?

April: You tell me, Sally. Or rather, tell them why this is fair.

Sally: It’s… not fair. But this isn’t the same thing.

April: Ah yes. Girls, would it make you feel better to know that your grandkids would get Dylan’s grandkids’ cookies?

Aurora: No, I want those cookies now!

[April passes some of the cookies over to the girls.]

Sally: I just… wanted to help people.

April: And that’s why you’re going to make a good mayor.

Sally: Am I? I’ve tried things and now the boys and girls are even more angry at each other.

April: Maybe a good place to start is to stop seeing them as “boys” and “girls”, and instead as “people” who have problems.

[Cut to Sally sitting on her curb, forelorn. Jules walks up behind her.]

Jules: Ms. Sally, what are you doing here out on the curb?

Sally: Oh… just waiting for some kids to come and cut my hair off. It seems to be the only thing that boys and girls agree on these days.

Jules: I’ve noticed. Some girls have had a pretty low opinion of boys these days, I’ve noticed.

Sally: Yeah, your dance classes must be a lot emptier than usual.

Jules: No, my dance classes are doing quite fine. I’ve gotten quite the relationship

with my students. Although I will say, that it’s hard knowing this mayor of mine’s opinion on boys.

[Sally looks very confused.]

Sally: What are you talking about? I’ve been doing my best to try and give them as much of a leg up as possible.

Jules: Sad to think that you’d believe they’re so low as to need one. It can feel very much like…

Sally: Table scraps. Like… letting you win.

Jules: I wouldn’t use such lowly terms, but yes.

[Cut to Sally sitting in her office. Melissa is on a side chair. Valentine enters.]

Valentine: Ms. Sally, you called?

[Melissa sticks her tongue out at Valentine.]

Sally: I’m ending those No Boy Left Behind laws.

[Valentine seems incredibly shocked, almost to the point of laughter.]

Valentine: I… don’t understand. We have been making so much progress.

Sally: Yeah, boys and girls hate each other more than ever. Girls keep losing jobs to boys, and boys keep taking advantage of the law to be lazy.

Valentine: Nothing like this comes forward without any issues at all, Ms. Sally. I'm sure that there are bad actors, but that doesn't mean—

Sally: It sounds like you're the biggest bad actor of the mall.

Valentine: Pardon?

Sally: I can't believe you made me believe those things about my brother.

Valentine: Your brother was trampled down by a world that didn't accept his kind, Ms. Sally.

Sally: No, my brother made his own choice and it was a bad one. And I gotta say, you have a lower opinion of boys than anyone in the city, saying that he HAD to cheat. Is that why you think any boy gets anywhere, because they've cheated.

Valentine: I'm… sure there are some exceptions. It's just… much incredibly harder for boys to get anywhere close to girls. The ones who do get to the top are exemplarily talented.

[Sally looks to Melissa.]

Melissa: He says that they're much more talented than your average, typical boy. Who could never get that far on his own merits.

Valentine: N-now you're twisting my words.

Melissa: Yeah, back into the way they’re supposed to look.

Sally: Valentine, from now on, I expect you to only focus on planning holidays.

Valentine: I understand the way that it is. You don’t want a boys’ opinion here. Perhaps they were right all along.

Sally: I can hear all of the opinions of Summerway, and I’ve heard enough of yours.

Valentine: Very well. Then I shall bid you ado, for now, Ms. Sally.

Sally: You’re quitting?

Valentine: I can only see our resentment for each other growing as time goes on. But I assure you, we will meet again. Although by then, you will be begging for my advice.

[Valentine leaves the room. Melissa and Sally look to each other.]

Sally: What do you think that was about?

Melissa: No clue. The kid’s insane.